NUMB. CLXIX.

The GUARDIAN.

——————Cœlumque tueri
Juſſit—————————— Ovid.

Thurſday, September 24. 1713.

IN fair Weather, when my Heart is cheered, and I feel that Exaltation of Spirits which reſults from Light and Warmth, joined with a beautiful Proſpect of Nature, I regard my ſelf as one placed by the Hand of God in the midſt of an ample Theatre, in which the Sun, Moon and Stars, the Fruits alſo, and Vegetables of the Earth, perpetually changing their Poſitions, or their Aſpects, exhibit an Elegant Entertainment to the Underſtanding, as well as to the Eye.

Thunder and Lightning, Rain and Hail, the painted Bow, and the glaring Comets, are Decorations of this mighty Theatre. And the Sable Hemiſphere ſtudded with Spangles, the blue Vault at Noon, the glorious Gildings and rich Colours in the Horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive Scenes.

When I conſider things in this Light, methinks it is a ſort of Impiety to have no Attention to the Courſe of Nature, and the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe *Phænomena* that are placed within our View, on purpoſe to entertain our Faculties, and diſplay the Wiſdom and Power of their Creator, is an Affront to Providence of the ſame Kind, (I hope it is not Impious to make ſuch a Simile) as it wou'd be to a good Poet, to ſit out his Play without minding the Plot or Beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the Drama of Nature, its Artificial Structure, and thoſe admirable Machines, whereby the Paſſions of a Philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his Soul affected with the ſweet Emotions of Joy and Surprize?

How many Fox-hunters and Rural Squires are to be found in *Great Britain*, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a Planet, that the Sun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the Earth; and that there are other Worlds within our View, greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but, ſays ſome illiterate Fellow, I enjoy the World, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you Eat and Drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a Brute; but to enjoy it as a Rational Being is to know it, to be ſenſible of its Greatneſs and Beauty, to be delighted with its Har-

(Price Two Pence.)